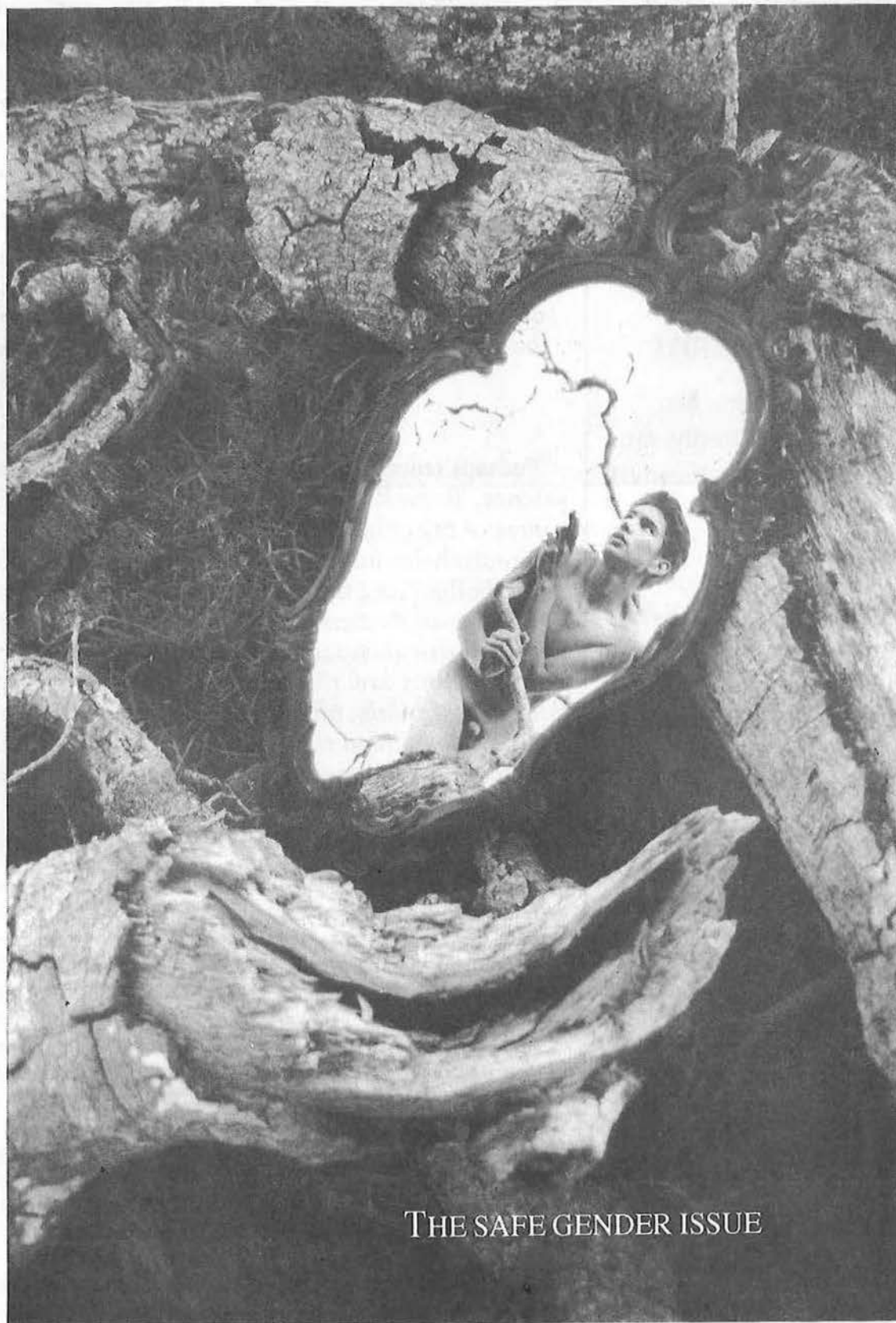


INCITING DESIRE

\$3.80

no. 2

Crying out in pleasure and pain not caring who or what hears



THE SAFE GENDER ISSUE

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All too often our political desire for change is seen as separate from longings and passions that consume lots of time and energy in daily life. Particularly the realm of fantasy is often seen as completely separate from politics. Yet I think of all the time black folks (especially the underclass) spend just fantasizing about what our lives would be like if there were no racism, no white supremacy. Surely our desire for radical social change is intimately linked with the desire to experience pleasure, erotic fulfillment, and a host of other passions. Then, on the flip side, there are many individuals with race, gender, and class privilege who are longing to see the kind of revolutionary change that will end domination and oppression even though their lives would be completely and utterly transformed. The shared space and feeling of "yearning" opens up the possibility of common ground where all these differences might meet and engage one another.

*—bell hooks, from Yearning:
Race, Gender, and Cultural Politics*

Perhaps trouble need not carry such a negative valence. To make trouble was, within the reigning discourse of my childhood, something one should never do precisely because that would get one in trouble. The rebellion and its reprimand seemed to be caught up in the same terms, a phenomenon that gave rise to my first critical insight into the subtle ruse of power: The prevailing law threatened one with trouble, even put one in trouble, all to keep one out of trouble. Hence, I concluded that trouble is inevitable and the task, how best to make it, what best way to be in it.

*—Judith Butler, from Gender Trouble:
Feminism and the Subversion of Identity*

Address all correspondence to: **Inciting Desire, 343 Soquel Avenue #151, Santa Cruz, CA 95062.** Letters, comments + submissions are heartily encouraged. Please don't forget to include your name/pen-name, address + phone. Written materials should be typed + also on a Macintosh or IBM (ASCII) disk if possible. Submissions can only be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. We're real people + have busy lives, so please be patient about hearing from us. Contributors receive a single copy of the issue in which their work appear as consideration. We publish 2 issues per year, maybe more if we feel like it. Single copies of Inciting Desire (this issue, issue #1, or the next issue) can be ordered for \$5.00 postpaid + we gladly trade with other zines. Zines received will be mentioned in the next issue.

Issue #3 Submissions Due: November 1, 1992.

In the face of the increasing commodification of information + desire, we seek to proliferate disseminate + lubricate self-produced renegade media.

LETTERS TO ID

Dear ID—

If the erotic can be defined as the arousal of the amative instincts through the exercise of the imagination, your first number certainly fit the bill! More, please.

—R.C., San Francisco

ID—

Hello! Saw your ad in Max R'N'R for your new zine Inciting Desire so enclosed is 3 American dollars for issue #1. Please send it in an unassuming envelope because Canada customs can be complete assholes.

Thanks. —P___, Toronto

Dearest fellow flesh-indulger,
Please titillate me with your zine "Inciting Desires." Am extremely interested. Thanx.

A___, Ann Arbor

Fellow Lovers:

My, my, my—what an egocum to see myself in print—and how fitting that it is in a collection of erotica—for I surely only write what I know...

So—here's s'more. I'm kicking your suggested feature themes around in my head (though I suppose "Religious Experience," written several months ago, would qualify for the sex/religion issue).

Autoeroticism and I are old, old friends, so I'll probably come up with something in that area.

"Manchild" is in response to the Wilton Woods pic that accompanies the writings of Jorge-Mario Cabrera Jr.

Looking forward to hearing from you soon.

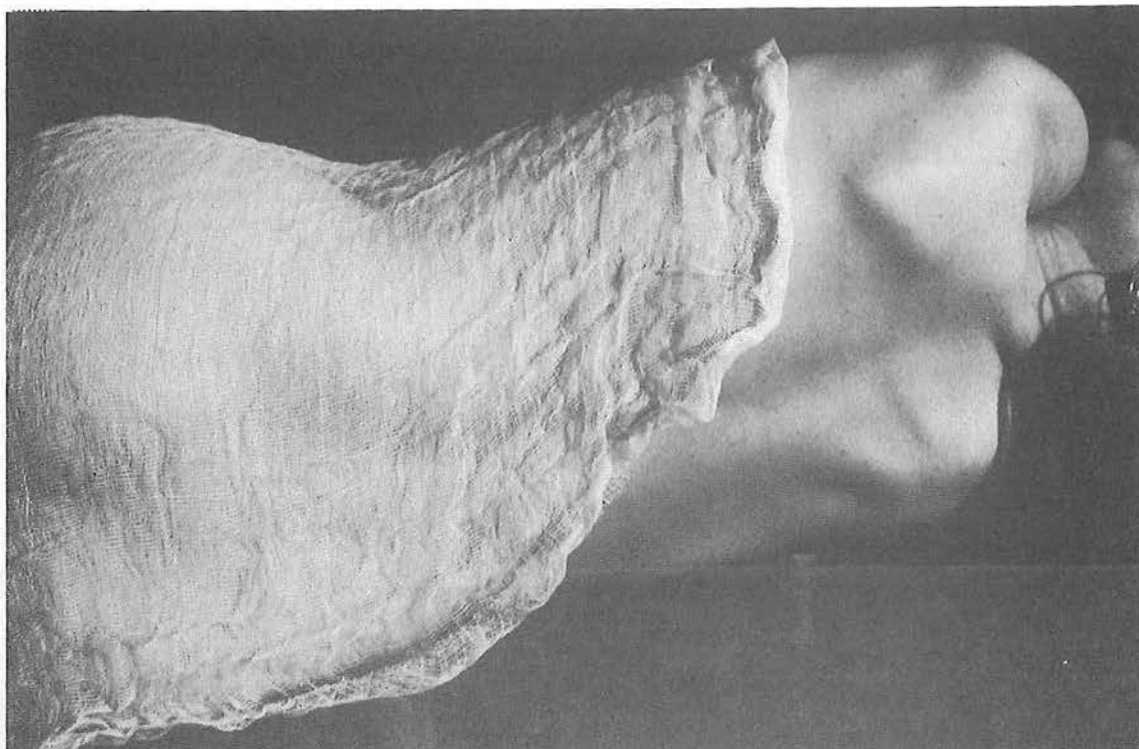
Alice A. Souza, San Jose



PHOTO FROM ID #1 BY WILTON WOODS

Manchild

Manchild
with your freshly-minted
body,
the justripe fruit
of your sex
bursting from your thighs
like growth from a
deeply plowed
and carefully tended
spring furrow,
what a feast
for the eyes!
One senses your need
to have history written
across all that
pristine flesh.
Or, perhaps,
one senses the need
you inspire
to write it.



There is a great deal of talk, necessary talk, these days about safe sex, and very little about safe gender. Gender, I'm sorry to say, is played much safer than sex, and I propose that we reverse both trends. A world of safe sex and daring gender seems much more conducive to longevity, not to mention a bit of slippery fun.

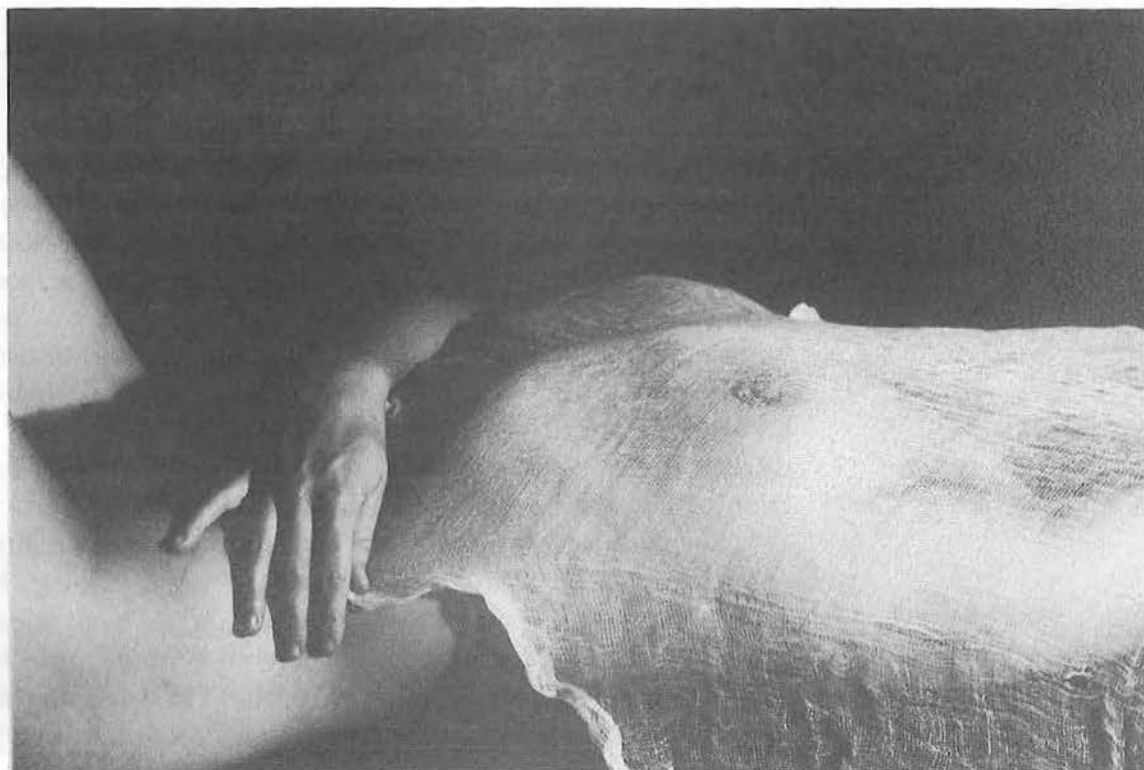
SAFE GENDER

EDITORIAL

Some feminists, and other interested parties, often make a distinction between 'sex' and 'gender,' known as the sex/gender split. The sex/gender split equates sex with the 'natural' or 'biological,' and gender with the 'social.' The model is sort of like a chocolate covered banana, gender the sticky coating on the a priori banana, sex. This tends to hold the either/or of gender in place: Sex and gender are a pair of socks and some people are a little mismatched.

I remember my housemate reading me an item in the Grab Bag: male seahorses are the ones who get pregnant. We took that in for a moment and then I asked her, "Well, why do they call them male?"

Our ways of thinking about all of this are so restricted. It's bad enough if your 'sex' doesn't match your 'gender.' Don't forget your sexual preference must also match. Get all three right and you win a beautiful home in the suburbs and a year's supply of dishwashing detergent.



PHOTOS BY RHONDA OXLEY + JULES RODRIGUEZ

(Not applicable in NY, CA or where otherwise forbidden by law. Some restrictions—race, class, religion—do apply.)

If you're getting any pleasure out of this zine, you probably aren't about to win that house in the suburbs. The divide is a misguided attempt to secure a foundation (biological sex) for our meandering perversions. And we don't need it. This is not to say that we can do without gender, or sex, or whatever you want to call it (them?). As I am fond of saying, you can fuck with gender, but you can't fuck without it. If we can't do without gender, the question becomes, what can we do with it?

This is where things get fun. We all do gender, perform it. If we remain critically aware of our performances, perhaps we can option new scripts, switch roles, demand audience participation. A proliferation of gender perversions may pry open a gender system so rigid it can't bend, and perforce must break. This is not just a matter of throwing off illusory shackles. Sure, gender is a social construction. But just because something is constructed doesn't mean it isn't real. And just because something isn't easy doesn't mean it isn't fun.

—elizabeth

*you can fuck
with gender, but
you can't fuck
without it*

BLACK RAVINE

by Wilton Woods

I am leading the boy away. The house lights are broken by the silhouettes of bare tree limbs as we climb further into the woods, and soon there is nothing left of the house at all. Dusk takes the detail from all the swaying black trees. Our young eyes open wide, scan ahead a steep, wet landscape of mossy rocks and brown leaves, devoid of trails and littered with fallen limbs and rotten trunks that snap and sag beneath our clumsy feet. Yet the pace is determined. We are hiking as if to a gathering of lost friends, or a banquet of food for the starving.

Surely he must know what I'm after. His impish little grins seem to beg for it. My heart is racing with fear, his with wonder, and both with a perverse kind of excitement. We are searching for our sin, exploring our revenge. He seems to be my accomplice in this crime. He is helping me express what no words could ever utter. Perhaps in this he too has something to say.

We are three hills over, no sign or noise of people nearby. No birds are calling; no squirrels scramble; our pulses are all that move with this eerie dancing of tree limbs in the wind.

The world is all this around me. It is all now that I know. My partner looks up to me and asks which way to go, and I, pausing atop a great boulder, look down on him, not as an animal upon its prey, but more as a compassionate teacher, kindly, carefully revealing what I most profoundly know. We are already here.

When I take off my shirt he is wild with excitement. He strips off all but his shoes and together we stand against the chilled breeze, nipples hard and goose bumps rising, but heat deep within us beating out all the feeling of cold.

He knows the game of nakedness from babysitting seductions. He and his big brother enter such games as naturally as a game of cops and robbers, or cowboys and indians.

We run a bit deeper into the woods, carrying our clothes at my suggestion, just in case some one should suddenly appear. We imagine ourselves as deer, leaping logs and short bushes, and pausing on large rocks to pick out a route for the next sprint.

Halfway up the next hill we stop for a rest, panting, smiling. We look at each other quietly. The conquest is no

longer over the next hill. It's within us.

He looks at my dick with fascination. It's so huge, he seems to think, five or six inches longer than his own. I touch him, somewhat tentatively, and he looks up to me with an embarrassed smirk. I can see the pulse through his hairless skin, and his chest rises and falls deeply, the blue night now just barely outlining the beauty of his youth. My hand flat on his chest, nearly covering it, pushes him back gently onto a lichen-covered rock. I can see the chill bolt from his back through the rest of his frail, naked body. He

catches his breath with a sharp rise of excitement, and then relaxes slowly onto the rock.

The way he looks down to his dick reminds me of a little boy peeing while watching the stream shoot out from his body, shoulders arched forward slightly, and head bent down. I let my finger drag across a nipple, then

down his right side, following the perfectly straight line of his torso down to his hip. He looks at me, again with that excited, but shy smile, and then he returns his attention to his own body, as if inviting me to continue the exploration.

When I touch his penis, it occurs to me for the first time that he has not been hard. I held it with two fingers, astonished by its tiny size. For a moment I left my body, became a judge looking down on these two boys, nearly seven years apart in age. It no longer seemed so innocent.

When I fall back into my desire I become aware of our bodies again, just our bodies. My cock is throbbing so hard it moves by itself with each heartbeat, and precum drools from the tip, rolling all the way down the shaft to my balls. I roll his dick between my fingers, stretch it out with a little tug, and tickle it dangling with one finger. Not knowing what else I can do, I touch my tongue to it, and then take it into my mouth, thinking of a little shrimp.

His giggle made him sound so young, like an infant. I thought of his older brother, how well developed he is.

Though hairless too, he resembles a tiny man, with a chest more developed than most adults I had seen. I wished he was with us. His dick gets hard and he likes to rub himself on me and play with my pubic hair.

I rise from my knees and hold my cock with one hand. I want to jerk it, but he is watching with so much curiosity. He must never have jerked on his. I'm sure his brother must know how to. I turn from him and walk a few feet away, looking out into the darkness as I begin to masturbate. He runs around like a deer again. He is happy playing with his nudity, and I am left alone to squirt my cum off a large outcrop, down into the black ravine.

As the last drop fell by my foot and the tension subsided from my muscles, I felt the air biting through my flesh. My bones became as cold as rocks, and I began to shiver. I ran to gather my clothes up, calling Michael over to do the same. He seemed disappointed, like when I tell him it's time for bed, but he obeys. He looked at me for information while we put on our clothes. "It's dark," I said, "They'll be wondering where we are."

*Surely he must know
what I'm after. His
impish little grins
seem to beg for it.*

TITTIE CITY SANDWICH

THE SMELL OF FEMALE sweat hit Leah's face as she handed the shaved head at the door her five bucks. The dance floor was packed. Still stoned, Leah grabbed Cheryl's arms and began thrusting her pelvis in and out to the beat. Because there were so many girls packing the floor around them, they were close enough to cunt-fuck each other over the clothes so that it wasn't so obvious, though in that place they could've stripped and done it, and nobody would've cared. They let the crowd jostle them in and out toward each other, but just a little, enough to rub their crotches until they were moaning. Then they pulled apart, still gripping each others' arms, teasing each other, then in again, this time mushing their boobs together and grabbing each other's asses, still wiggling, until Leah came, a little tiny one because she was so stoned and drunk at the same time, but her panties were like a sponge soaking in the aftermath. She wasn't sure if Cheryl had too, when Cheryl pulled away and said, "I need a beer."

"Me too."

They began to move toward the bar.

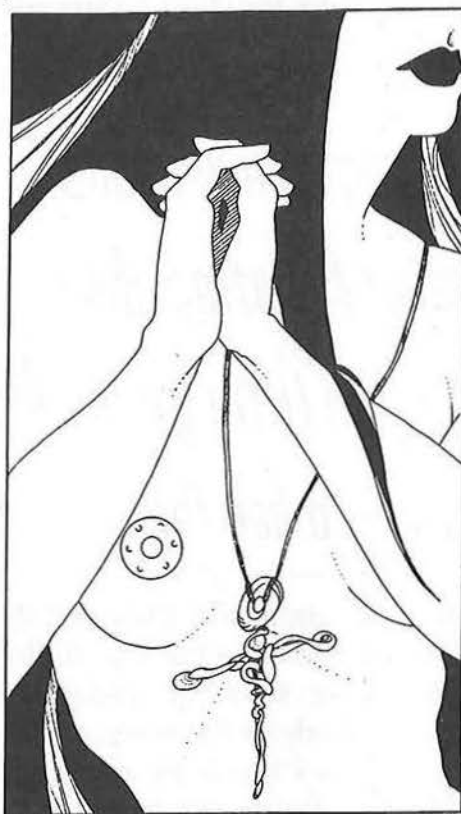
"Hey guys!" Judy yelled when she spotted Leah and Cheryl coming toward her, shouting because the music was so loud. Leah was starting to come down now and had cotton mouth.

"I have to pee!" Cheryl yelled.

"OK, let's go!" Judy said, pushing them off the floor.

Judy had bought another joint from somebody that was laced with just a little bit of acid, she said, and they smoked it while waiting in line and then decided to all go in together. The bathroom was tiny and darkly lit by red neon light bulbs. Leah, tripping slightly, started to freak out at how close she was standing next to Judy, whose masculine energy seemed to be enclosing her. I WANT HER TO FUCK ME but she didn't want

Judy to see that. She was so embarrassed at these horny thoughts. She had to hide it. Groping for something to say as Cheryl pulled down her jeans and started peeing, she looked up at the pale blur of the girl's face. The lighting made it hard to see certain colors. She tried to focus on Judy's eyes but couldn't see them. OH FUCK IT, I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO SAY She leaned forward into the mirror and couldn't believe what a wreck she was. Her hair was sticking out at all strange angles. Her makeup was gone, and she couldn't see her lips. She fell back against the wall, spinning, whirling, seeing images of her and Max, entangled arms and legs, feeling Max's full lips hard, hungry but passionately on hers, causing a slight pang of sadness but she pushed it away, and reached into her purse for her little red lipstick. SHE WANTED TO FUCK...WANT-



by Connie Mulqueen

ED THAT FEELING OF BEING CRAVED and she began to apply it to her lips. Then she realized she had forgotten about Judy and knew without looking that Judy was eyeing her lustfully. Her mind was leaping from one subject to another, almost like hopping stones in a stream, only able

*Leah started to
freak out at how
close she was stand-
ing next to Judy,
whose masculine
energy seemed to
be enclosing her*

to concentrate on one at a time so that the ones in front and back are forgotten. JUDY CONCENTRATE ON KEEPING YOUR COOL...DON'T LET HER SEE IT IN YOUR EYES BE COOL "Want some?" She handed Judy the lipstick.

"No bother," Judy said, taking the lipstick and shoving it back into her purse. "I can get some this way." And in one swift move she pressed Leah up against the wall with her body, slammed her lips on Leah's, and began almost brutally tonguing her. Practically in the same motion, she rammed her

hand up Leah's dress and started fingering her cunt through her already-damp panties, causing Leah to gasp first and then moan. GOD SHE NEEDED THIS...SHE WANTED TO BE SLAMMED AROUND...JUDY MADE HER WET THOUGH SHE HATED TO ADMIT IT...SHE WOULD NEVER SEE HER AGAIN AFTER THIS...JUDY WOULD NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH POWER SHE HAD OVER HER...NOBODY EVER HAD TO KNOW...IF SHE COULD JUST FORGET IT WAS JUDY. FORGET THAT IT WAS ANYBODY AT ALL And she relaxed, letting Judy bit and suck her neck, reveling in the sucking sounds.

"Hey, what about me?" Cheryl had finished peeing and was buckling her belt. "What's going on?"

"Come on!" Judy said. "Join us."

Leah, oblivious now, her eyes squeezed shut, had started

*An excerpt from
Mulqueen's novel, Trashed.*

DRAWING
"JUDGEMENT"
BY MOLLY

TITTIE CITY SANDWICH *from p. 9*

*she rammed her
hand up Leah's
dress and started
fingering her cunt
through her
already-damp
panties*

to buck against the cold cement wall, her ass banging into it, buck and forth under Judy's hard mean hands OH GOD! KEEP DOING IT as she came, trying not to scream, DON'T STOP! she wanted to so bad, trying to remember there were people outside. Judy pulled her hand out of her dress and she fell panting against the sink. She could feel her messed up hair sticking to the sides of her face, drops of sweat trickling between her breasts and down her back. She leaned back and stared into the dim red lights that began twirling slowly at first with the shadows on the walls. Then it got faster and faster until it looked like a red and black kaleidoscopic PUSSY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS it kept going and going, it felt like forever, until she heard a moan and heavy breathing, and a wet swishing sound. She thought it might be her own fingers on her own cunt, calming it, soothing it, but then she realized it was Cheryl and Judy fucking on the toilet. Judy's pants were down around her ankles and her vest was hanging open. Cheryl was straddling her on top. Leah couldn't see Judy's tits because Cheryl was sucking them, her blond hair rustling over the white bony chest. Leah couldn't see Cheryl's face as she bent down and slid her hand in between the two cunts. IT'S YOUR TURN BITCH and groped for Judy's clit, pulled the lips open with two fingers, then, positioning them in the opening, she rammed them up the canal. Judy, shocked, trying not to make noise, sucked in a repressed cry that sounded like a wild animal cooing. And she started moving her fingers, not in an out at first, but wiggling them inside the pussy, bending them up and down, pushing them against the walls to create a fluttering sensation inside of it, until she heard the moan and then she pulled them out, teased the clit gently. "Again. Come on!" Judy had grabbed Cheryl's head and was pressing it harder against her tit. Cheryl was moving to the other tit now, doing something with her tongue. Judy started breathing really heavy, moaning, almost crying, then panting again in a succession of moan-pant-cry-moan-pant-cries. Leah continued to play with the wet mushy enlarged cunt until she knew Judy couldn't stand it any more and then she did it, plunged her hand inside, all the way up, hard, and this time, Judy screamed.

"Hey!"

There were a few knocks, then some heavy pounding.

"What's going on in there?"

But she didn't stop, kept thrusting her arm in the hole and out again, stretching, her elbow the lever, her hand the end point stretching for another ending.

Cheryl leaned up away from Judy's small pale breasts, the tiny red erect nipples glistening from her saliva, and yelled. "Just a minute! There's three of us!" Then Judy came, yelled, slumped back against the metal bar so hard that the toilet flushed. People were right outside the door talking. There were some more pounds. Leah pulled her wet, mucosy-covered hand out of the toilet bowl where Judy's cunt dripped as she panted, and she pushed Cheryl off Judy onto the floor, laid on top of her, began kissing her passionately SHE NEEDED TO BE GENTLE NOW running her tongue lightly around Cheryl's mouth, kneeling Cheryl's crotch, sucking and biting Cheryl's neck as she cried out. And then Leah felt Judy sprawled out on top of them pushing in and out and they began moving back and forth in and out together. They seemed to forget where they were as the pounding kept getting louder. It only seemed to intensify what they were doing as they moved only from their centers, hands blindly, instinctually groping for flesh, nipple and cunt. Finally, it was all over. They fell apart laughing, sore, and it was Judy that hustled them up to the sink where they washed their hands and faces together, taking paper towels and gently drying each other's faces. Judy got some toilet paper and wiped the smeared lipstick off from around their lips, and they fell out of the bathroom clinging together, still stoned, messy, sweaty, and the walked bow-legged back to the bar.

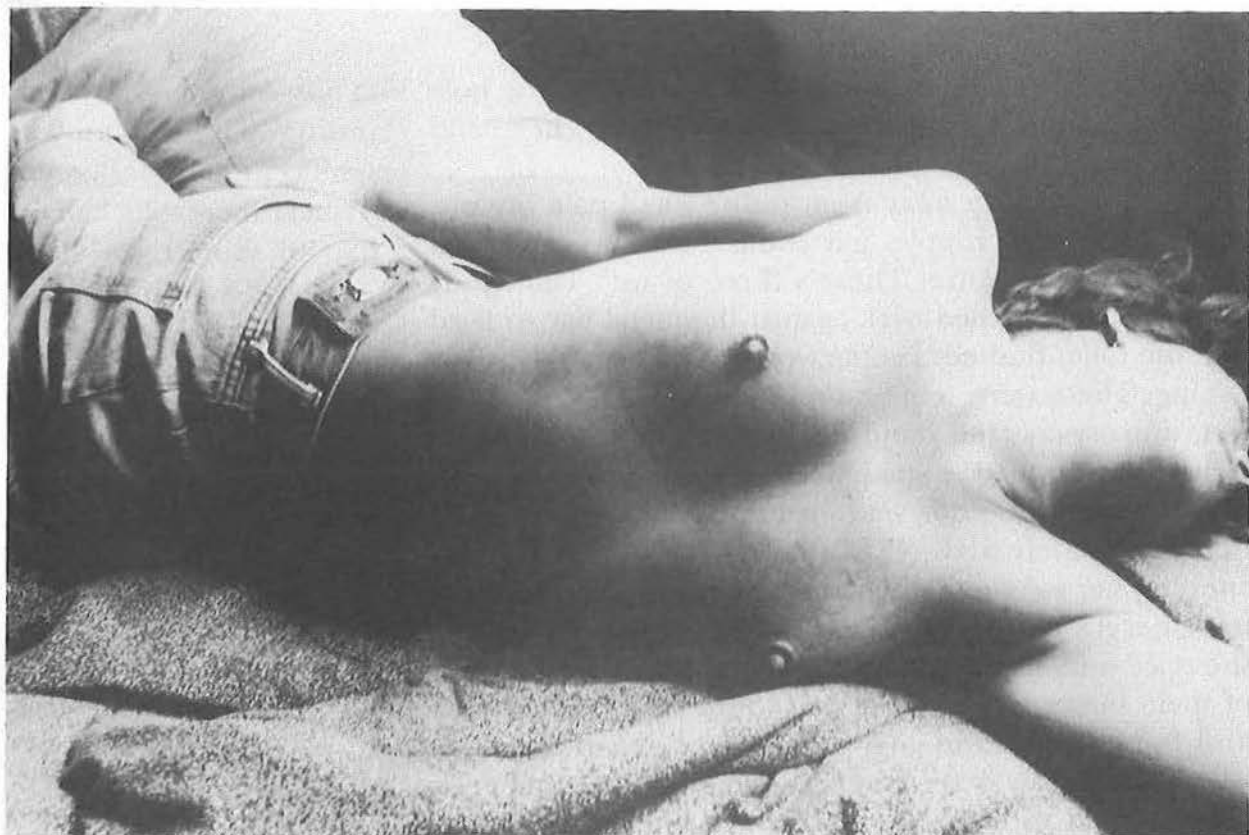
The place was pretty much clearing out now. "I think I need to go home," Judy said.

Leah could feel Judy's eyes on her. She knew Judy was in love with her now. She let her eyes move around the club, sort of looking but not really paying attention, when her eyes fell on a group of leathered-up trendy types standing in a circle near the door where people were filtering out. She recognized some of them as bouncers and bartenders. Her eyes moved over them nonchalantly and then stopped at a red, glittery vest with a silver lining that rounded open, barely covering two small pretty breasts. She focused now. Really looked. The vest and its breasts belonged to one of the most striking, chic women she had ever seen, a tall, pale, graceful figure with short black shiny hair and dark, almost black, eyes. Long, pretty, shapely arms and legs. A fine bone structure with stark, high cheekbones and little

thin lips. Another Max. Outstanding. The woman was magnificent. Obviously a go-go dancer there. She had on a pair of short tight black shorts and was holding a beer, dancing with her friends. They all seemed crowded around her, into her, wanting her attention. She was conceding to them, but there was something in her gaze when she took a drink of her beer, that made it seem like she was somewhere else, not really paying attention. She seemed kind of misplaced for a moment, a sad ghost, detached, a Goddess without a throne.

Leah turned back to the bar. Suddenly, she felt empty. Judy was leaning over to kiss her. She smiled. Gave her her cheek. Took her hand. Felt numb. Judy walked away. Cheryl leaned over to kiss her. Cheryl's lips felt clammy and cold. Suddenly, she didn't want to go home with Cheryl. She didn't feel like it now.

Some other time, she said. She tried to reassure Cheryl. She wasn't sure she meant it, but she told her they were too stoned and drunk anyway, that they'd get together some other time, do it again. Cheryl went to get their coats. She turned to take one last look, but the woman was gone.



R H O N D A O X L E Y

It is June, and the night suffocates us under a syrup of heat. We wander through the crowds that jostle from nightclub to nightclub, laughing and screaming and dropping glasses into the gutter. We hold hands, palms ripely warm and damp. I lick her neck and taste salty perspiration on her skin. We cling to each other, our tongues sliding and swirling together. The city melts around us into the burgeoning summer dark.

The remains of our supper suffuse us; we are dizzy and bright with sangria. We spend an hour dancing at La Habana. I can feel the passion grow between us as we hold each other, pushed together by the army of sweating couples that share the tiny dance floor. The charge builds, hot and urgent, as we dance on.

We leave La Habana and rest at a nearby bar. The heady electric blues that thud out of the speaker swell up, fill me to bursting. I shout with laughter and joy, focussed through my ecstatic erection. "Te quiero," I whisper, "ahora." We leave.

Sprint up five rickety flights of stairs. Every panting gasp, every hurried caress as we run readies us. Unlock the front door, cross the living room into her bedroom slam the door and we are there. She smiles at me; the look in her eyes...She shoves me down onto her bed and falls on me. We claw at our clothes. Her breasts brush my cheeks as I loose them from her bra; she drags my jeans down my legs and I swing up, eager for her.

We kiss, sharing the wonder of it until we fall back, gasping and laughing. I catch her hair in my hands and pull her to me, turning her head. I softly lick my way around and into her ear. Her arms tighten around me.

Madrid

I begin to kiss my way down her body. I lick and bite at her throat and carefully suck her fingers, one by one, into my mouth. She kneads my shoulders, breathes wetly into my ear, scratches me with her short sharp nails. I kiss her sides, tasting each mouthful of pale flesh. I run my tongue over her breasts and feel their ripe heat as I catch her nipples between my teeth, suck and bite them, back and forth.

She holds my penis lightly between two fingers and strokes me. I am liquid light. I groan, she answers; our sounds mingle into one growl of hunger.

I kiss her belly, nibble at her toes. I spread her rich thighs wide and begin my journey towards their center. At last, the redbrown curls, the sharp smell that makes me drunk and dizzy. The world lies solved before me. The petals of her rose spread, inviting me. She asks me to love her.

Long soft licks that curl like smoke. I draw her smells deep within me and gently part her lips with my tongue. Her fingers catch at my hair, tugging me closer. I kiss her sweet wet mouth and drink her bitter honey. I swirl my tongue within her and slide it up until I reach her clitoris. I suck the little bud between my teeth, circling it with my tongue. I run my hands over her belly and reach up to squeeze her nipples.

H*er soft thighs draw me to her. I feel myself drowning in her earthy tastes, the press of her heels in my back. I suck her harder, faster now. She moans and pushes to meet me. The rhythm of my tongue guides her thrusts.*

I know that her climax is near; I slow my sucking, release her. She groans. I speed and slow my caresses, sending her to endless near-climaxes.

The wire tension in her voice becomes unbearable. I renew my sucking and stroking, and she soaks me as she soars into her orgasm. I slide up to hold her close, stroking her back. My joy and pride rush through me, swelling me; she holds me gently and stretches a condom over me.

by Ben Chesluk

She rolls me onto my back and gazes down at me. Her eyes close as she rubs my tip up and down her parting lips. Half-delirious, I watch as she glides me into her and thrusts down. Her heat pulls a

groan from me and I arch under her, seeking to bury myself in her. She urges me not to move and begins to rock back and forth in short strokes. Her clitoris brushes again and again against my base and she moans in a quick, sharp climax.

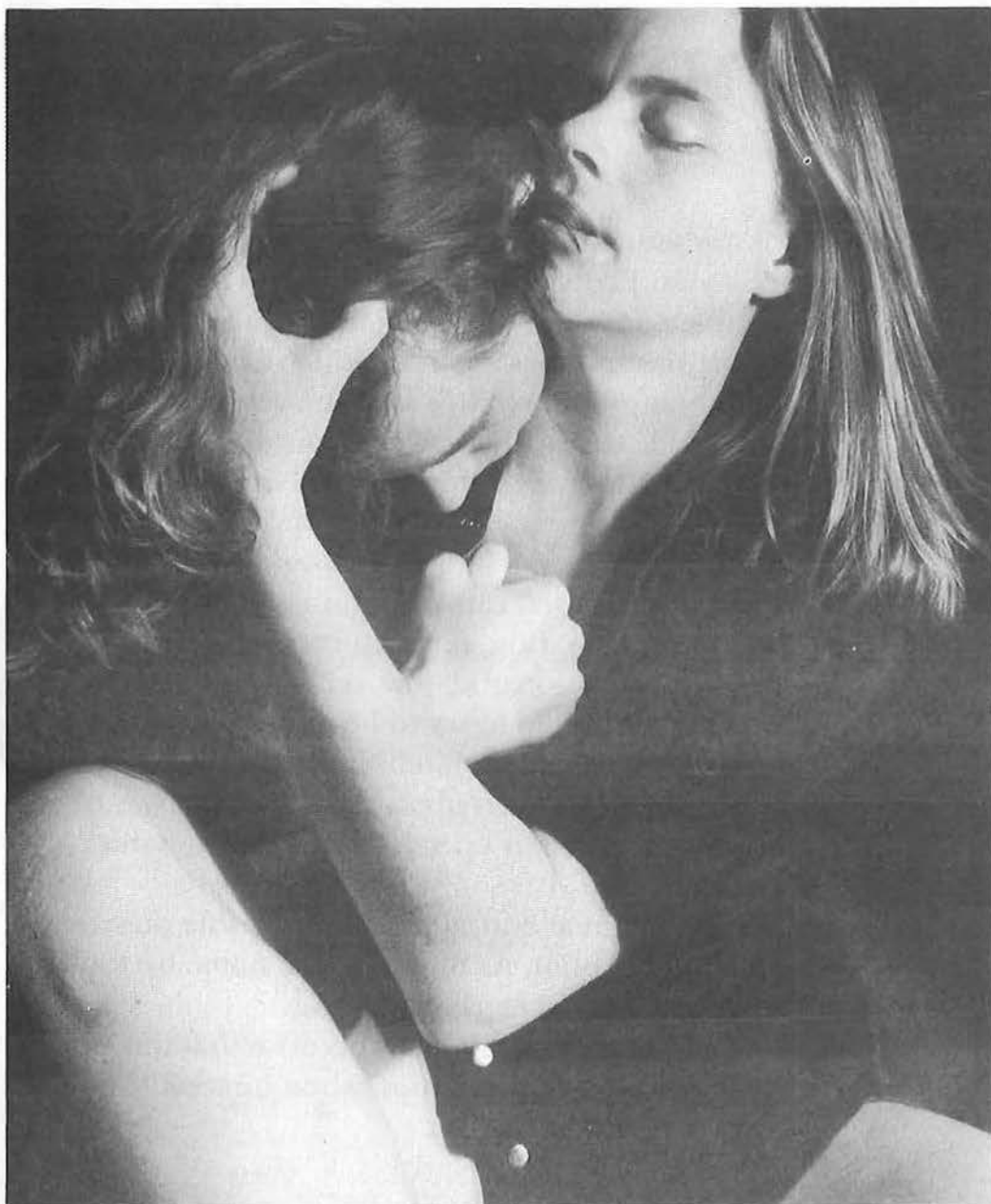
I roll over, carrying her with me. She lies beneath me and once again I snuggle deep inside her. We quickly find our rhythm. The slow grind of it forces my eyes closed. The night swoons around us. We kiss, twisting into each other. I swell and swell, bursting with love. I am a burning ray, she the endless sea. We roll together in the darkness, striving to merge and share and burn.

I slide into her and we savor it, lingering. I pull back; cool regret drives us together again as the timeless hours roll past and she sighs to me and our shared flesh ignites as I rear back, drowning in my climax and I burst out laughing as I come into her, endlessly, endlessly, sobbing out my tears of love and we are in a peaceful place together for a long time before we float back into her bed and I sink down beside her.

We hold each other tenderly, our hearts beating quieter now. The sun begins to rise outside her balcony, but the shutters are drawn, and we drift together into our dreams.



Rhonda Oxley



RHONDA OXLEY

O, I have a fulminating
passionate need
to come
that demands your lashing
lashing tongue
to whip it
into shape
and the shape is
ovoid
and deep
as a tunnel
to the sun.

—*Alice A. Souza*

Imperfect Lives:

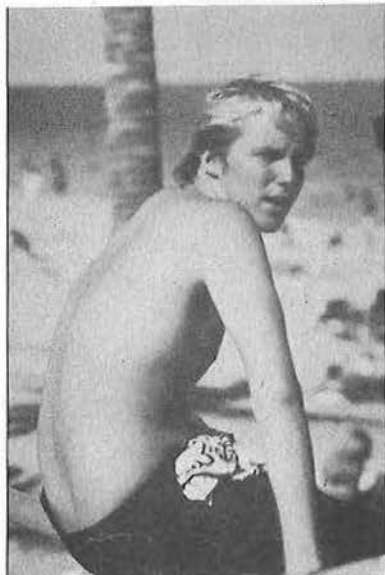


by Robin White

1 Walter: the photographer at play. Mostly he wasn't concerned with artiness. He played with double exposures a bit, like here, but he didn't think of himself as an artist with all its high-falutin' connotations. He didn't seek the valorization of the art world. He thought more about who he was *as a person*: an adoptee left in hospital isolation for two weeks after his birth while they "processed" his adoption papers; a Jew; a boy-lover; a computer geek. He survived cancer in his early twenties. He was hard of hearing, had bad breath, bad teeth, bad credit, depression and low self-esteem. He did therapy all his life to try to heal himself. Where he couldn't solve his problems internally, he unleashed a stream of litigation upon the world as a way of getting even. He didn't pay his taxes for the same reason.

I knew him as a loyal friend. A terrible punster. A small plane pilot. As Butterfly, the name he took in 1983 at a radical faerie gathering.

(I use Walter in this essay because that was his name in the early seventies, when he took the photographs shown here.)



2 Walter takes us out walking, snapping shots on a beachfront in Florida before he moved out West. He is a magpie, swooping down to check out every cute boy that catches the light. He spots this shining, golden thing. He moves in and snaps the shutter. He has caught a live one. The boy has noticed the camera and doesn't look pleased at having his image stolen. He took his shirt off - but not for us. It's for some girl who might happen by. He simmers with irritation.

In contrast to all the other photos here, this one looks the least dated. It could have been taken yesterday. This could just be because there is little identifying information but it could also be because the

The Photographs of Butterfly

(Walter Blumoff, 1941-1991)

look which the straight guy is casting our way hasn't changed in twenty-one years. His gaze is just as much an historical indicator as are bellbottoms or haircuts. Relations between gay and straight men are still at exactly the same impasse that they were then. There was a tension, as there is now. Something yet to be negotiated about looking and display.



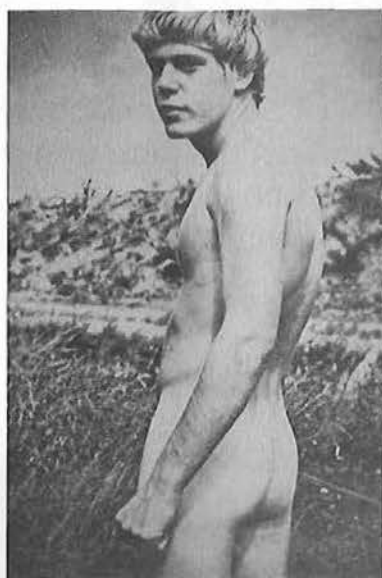
3. Who is this cocky German boy in leather? There's another photo of him taking a piss. That's all—just the two—which means he didn't stick around long. He wasn't Walter's type: far too self-assured. He knows what he wants, he gets it. But there's a sweetness about him, a boyishness that would have attracted Walter.

4. Now this is more like it. An uncertain boy on a bed, half-hard, with spots of damage on the slide looking like glistening cum shots on his body. Walter had a huge bed of three mattresses put together for orgies. He used to pick up teenage hitch-hikers. Sometimes he would make out with them in the back of the Dodge van while his friend Leo drove. Sometimes he would bring them home, give them marijuana and make love on the big bed. The photograph functions as evidence: proof that it actually happened, a trophy.



Butterfly (Walter Blumoff) died on April 26 1991. He left over twenty thousand slides and negatives to the Gay and Lesbian Historical Society of Northern California.

Robin White is involved in writing, visual production and radio. He lives in Santa Cruz.



5. This is one of a sequence of photos of pages from porn magazines. Walter admiring? comparing himself? trying to figure out strategies? simply collecting pictures?

The image is from about 1970. It's coy compared to pornography we know now but compared to Walter's photographs it's less personal. Look closely - it's a montage. The body is shot in the studio and superimposed on an outdoor scene. A naked boy constructed into a landscape, behind the sand dunes at the beach, perhaps. A pastoral fantasy. But his jaw is tight and his brow is hard, his eyes are

glazed. He is not relaxing out in nature but at work as a model in an unsalubrious industry. He sells his body but keeps his inner spirit. He works in order to live and smile off-camera.



6. Gay family snapshot: Kirk and friend in bed. Friend is exposing Kirk for the camera. Kirk covers his cock with his hand. It is innocent, playful, two teenage lovers fooling around. And Walter is there with the camera making it more complex. This is the era of "free love," remember, when people threw themselves headlong into multiple relationships with a naive confidence that today we would consider foolhardy. A later photograph shows Kirk holding a hand-written sign which says "I LOVE SCOTT AND WALTER-KIRK"

Walter learned photography from his father, Barnett. He started by taking family snapshots, parties, picnics. Aside from a period when he worked as a professional photographer for the Advocate, Walter made most of his photos for himself and his friends. Many of the later photographs still have the worst qualities of family snapshots: bad framing, overexposure; casual details of background that distract from the main event. And like all family photographs, they construct a representation of the family as happy. Smile. Say cheese.



7. On vacation at Deep Creek hotsprings, a nudist resort in the desert east of L.A. Walter knew about more natural hotsprings than anyone. Here he has found someone willing to pose for him. It is direct and engaging. Unlike typical nudes in nature this man has a personality, is more than just a body.

8. The long lens: you can recognize it by the narrow field of the image. It was an essential tool for a man who grew up shy and alone. It let him take close up

pictures from far away. It allowed him to be a voyeur.

"He was," according to his mother, "unable to adjust socially. It got easier after he came out. Then he started meeting people. He had a lot of friends when he went to California."

But the habit of looking from afar stayed with him. Perhaps the camera worked against him, enabling an image of closeness to take the place of the real thing. Perhaps, on the other hand, these photographs were a statement of ambition, a continual refocusing of desire.



9. Halcyon Days. In the early 70's a whole generation of runaway boys from all over the country and the world made for Los Angeles. They came by the thousands and walked the streets, hustled, hitch-hiked or lived on savings until they got real jobs. Sometimes they were adopted by circles of men like Walter

who were a little older and more established. They were given places to stay - or their rents might be paid. They were given stability until they got settled themselves. They were introduced into lifestyles, politics and sexual circles. It all occurred against a backdrop of sunshine and blue skies, Kodak, the blue and yellow registration plate, the Beach Boys, palm trees, David Hockney, swimming pools. "Blondes have more fun": the promise of an unclouded future.

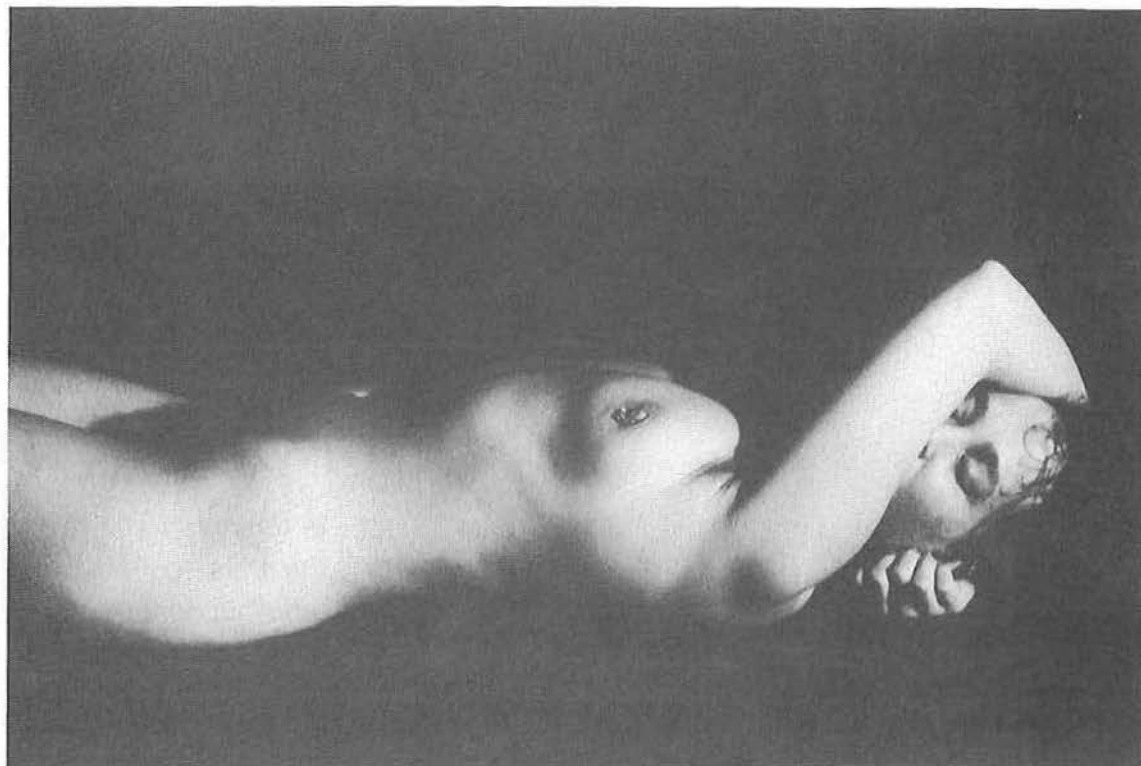
I WANT TO WRITE EROTIC LACE PASSAGES THAT GUIDE me out of my enchantment to a more concrete place of sweat and cum. But one sided passages of desire unfolding set up dynamics best left to old men and the unknowing. I don't want to trap a scene and set up the inevitable dismissal and unfulfillment—I want desire to spew forth creating excitement out of the abundance of your sex and sensuality and the potential of interplay between the two. The potential of boundaries discarded and power flaunted and disposed of/transfixed by crystallizing moments of pleasure/pain of motion to new unknown territories. I want to fuck/and be fucked. A

two BY barbarism

moment's distinction between the erotic and the feared of/whose keys are to be shared...

I see my reflection in the chair back across the cafe. It is the shadow of a tree I mistake for me. I want to get beyond seeing what I want to see to tasting the colors I smell and hear; feeling that which shapes space for me.

And yet so often the Temptress/She sets out, quick flick of coils, red forked tongue, to entrap. Red apple glistens potential sweet explosion in hand. And in the often She bites her own, swallows up self, devours own passion, enchanted by her tricks, hypnotized in the flesh of another—quicker, more ready than She, with Fangs and Bite. The eyes that reflect no light but draw in, absorb, enslave the She; ready to swallow another we engorge on self, tongues slick with sweat and salt, hoods draw back, expose clits poised to strike.



RHONDA OXLEY + JULES RODRIGUEZ

thistle

*crowned queen
throned by redwoods*

*persevering
tenacious amidst
change*

*the colors that
explode soft lights*

*spikes to entangle
the unseeing*

*your nectar
moon blood
mixed with sweated cum*

*fluids rush
the moment*

of piercing.

Coyote Love *by Mr. Dreamjeans*



W I L T O N W O O D S

HOWLING

*at the moon
the stars
a distant cactus
rising out of the sands
thorns sharp and deadly
glistening
with nightshine*

MEWLING

*in tune with the one below you
eyes fixated madly
on the inner horizon
you both share
imagining waves
pounding
on some distant shore
where the tides
rise and fall as they please
rather than being dictated
by the white goddess*

CRYING

*out in pleasure and pain
not caring who or what hears
pawing at the sand
and kicking up clouds of dust
exploding into ivory shrapnel
bleeding into the ground
but feeling no pain...
the coyotes were spent.*

Certain surfaces glistened
cracks unfilled compelled
me.
I could not digest
let alone taste
you.

I'll put you back!
in that warm, wet environ
I will evolve the jewel.

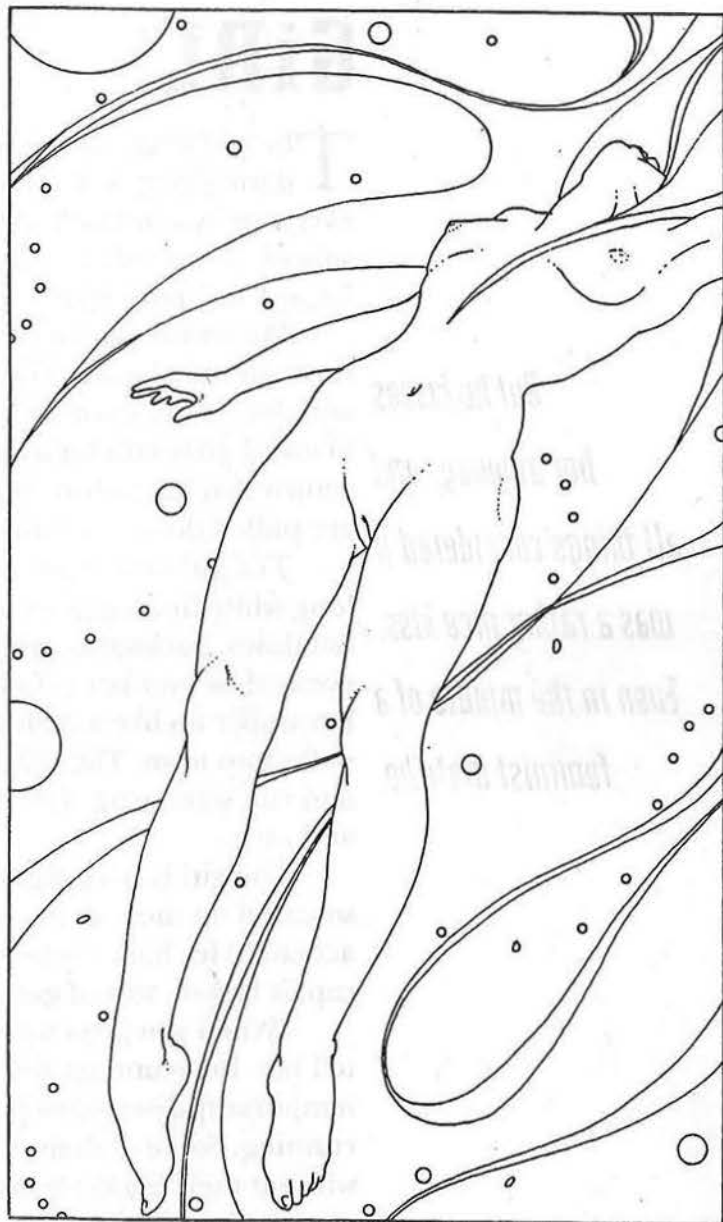
While I hold you on my tongue
savoring the silky surface
dreaming of depth and motion
rolling, I wonder, will you join a
strand?
cast, carved, created, *cultured*?

And back with packs of pedestrians,
I shuffle
and cast away
a billion grains of sand.

lust luminescence
approaches platonic spheres
I taste gravelly surfaces
and secrete more juices

O, precious pearl, pretty pearl!
Whose rough edges cut tender
pink skin,
If I keep you inside me long
enough,
where I cannot see but only taste
you,
Will you finally tumble out, in a
dancing shimmer
of pink-green light
and gaily roll away?

Or will I finally break in two, killing
myself
and leaving you unfinished?



"PLEASURE" BY MOLLY

Mother of Pearl

by Jill Nagle

GIRL

The girl wears her cheekbones and a baseball cap with a daring glance that challenges every stranger—and everyone is a stranger—can't I have both? And indeed the sulk of her mouth guarantees her just about anything, as far as I am concerned.

*But he kisses
her anyway, and
all things considered it
was a rather nice kiss.
Even in the middle of a
feminist diatribe.*

Meanwhile, around the corner boys in suits jump through hula hoops. This activity will be useful when they are older, business men jumping through hoops. And blaming girls with high cheekbones. "Isn't it time you return that hat to your big brother?" they ask. Their hats are pulled down certainly on their heads.

The girl says, "I am not a tomboy." She dresses in a long white flowing gown and hiking boots. She anchors the hat down, backwards, with a tug from both hands. She puts eyeshadow over her eyes like a haunted heroine, and over her upper lip like a dashing hero, and thus attired she walks into town. The other ladies drop their pocket books and run screaming. The other gentlemen drop their smiles and turn.

The girl is skipping, half her eyeshadow mustache smeared up those demanding cheekbones, the left one actually. Her hair, the bits of it sticking out beneath the cap, is brown, sort of gutter-water brown.

"When you grow up you'll be stunning," is what they tell her. But stunning she associates with ray guns and temporarily disenabled men. Ladies, still screaming, stop running. Some of them have realized they can't go far without their pocket-books. Pocket-books contain the money, the make-up, the roadmaps. But mostly pocket-books are weapons of defense, swinging high above heads, and down below crotches. Most of the ladies, though, are watching the girl, who holds up the skirt of her dress to avoid stepping on it with her hiking boots. They are also listening to the sound of their collective scream, and the way it's stopping traffic. And somewhere in the city, a man hears the roar of the women screaming, and he releases the woman trapped beneath him, because he'd rather release her than release the wrath of these many women finding their voices rising, blooming over the smog-filled city streets.

The girl hums to herself and feels the wind on her cheekbones. And she holds her upper lip slightly pushed out, to support the weight of her would-be mustache. Her first boyfriend—and yes she will have one of those—wants to

by Elizabeth Stark

wipe it away before their first kiss—and yes she's still smearing it on by then. The girl refuses. Gender roles, she reminds him, dictate one of us have a mustache. He scowls, his peach-fuzz face wrinkling.

But he kisses her anyway, and all things considered it was a rather nice kiss. Yes, even in the middle of a feminist diatribe. And no, I didn't say they lived happily ever after or that one of those screaming women didn't ever close her mouth long enough to kiss the girl. But enough of lips meeting and parting. At this first kiss it was the teeth that surprised her most, and then the tongues—her own and his and the muscled movement of their masses amidst saliva and hot breath. When they parted, the brown eyeshadow spread up his right cheek and she bit it for good measure, and then she walked him home. She wore jeans on that day, not the flowing gown, and the sun was setting. He hooked his arm around her, like she was some kind of clothes rack on wheels and he was pushing her home. She felt the weight of his arm and she bit the hand where it emerged over her left shoulder. But this wasn't a bite like the kind she gave his cheek. This bite said words to the weight of his arm, and the arm sprang away quickly.

"Go back to your hoop," she shouted. Across the street his boyhood companions laughed. He watched her walk away, pain throbbing in his hand, feeling dejected, and he felt he'd become a man.

But we will walk away with her because it wouldn't do to switch point of view, not to a man especially in the middle of a feminist fairy tale. She jaunted home and she felt good. Good and angry.

She stubbed the toe of her shoe along the curb as she walked, breathing a little jaggedly and waiting for this latest train of events to explain themselves to her. She didn't know everything but she wanted it. Cars honked at her as they drove by. She wiped her nose on the back of her hand.

It was about this time she started to think of herself as a tomboy. Before that, she had known who and what she was and there wasn't a name for it. She liked it that way. Cheekbones and moustache harmonized well, reflected line against line, and angles. But now words pinned themselves to her forehead, and her softest touch became the twisted confusion of a tomboy inspiring women to scream.

When I daydreaming of sex. Lately I've taken up with my hand, his body to watch my hand. I work full his limp cock. With my favorite big adrenaline rush into his shorts. This is the vagina & the elastic leg-hole of a novice, he circles my game. He gives all hand on her crotch, his tongue circling her nodding off. **Sam does not seem pleased with the thrill of tongue.** But it's just straight up and brazenly do the same, slurping with the rocking rhythm on the living room floor. Inside my body, my face becomes passive. Throwing caution to the wind, I unbuckle my tongue from his head. Slowly I rock my face of me, putting one come-slippery hand down to the feel of lips on my long thick stream. His jaw open wide sucking back up to my face. Green eyes that shine tension. Sam is down to her fussy easing in & out of awareness I begin again Quickly (well, quickly for people who are always covered with pink) under the light my hard cock rubs over her handful breasts. Black lacy bra over the purple-rimmed head, working the shaft with forefinger around the base at once into his mouth. I bend juices of his cock, which is her that evening. Now Chris crosses the way in with a slow jerk. I move the focus of my sucking and cool between my ass. In other words, **suburban, surprisingly cute nipples.** She seems to abandon this & shine with intelligence even when he's me. He looks me in the eye while doing. Despite her jealousy of me. **Sensing what's about to come: her.** So she springs up, pulling Chris' lips. It looks like I suck his tongue into a strong tickle inside me, then I lean back from the couch and trail a tongue from her breasts. The little show. I, pants off, **eye-to-eye with the damp spot** the "what-do-you-want-to-do?" Realizing for the first time what I'm doing. It's a little uncomfortable at the top of the stroke. They gasp a little, he leans his torso over her. "Put a hand around that organ, slurp down," and she leads Sam a little towards me, a little stiff. I shrug her, but soon Chris has a blanket in the midst of the fussy lingerie, a black of jizz over my belly onto Chris'. I feel a subtle re-alignment of bite, each ass cheek and kiss. I lick her navel, again he beckons, beckons me, eyes drawing in my hard-on. She licks his perfect jawline. I think what we end up meeting at. After a man I love there, poking and licking his arms & begins to thrust. With each line of the push-up bra. **My cock is still porno,**

HE HAS SKIN TONIGHT

(excerpt) by g. e. jarrett

and I imagine that spilling from me, and his sweaty full time in over its head. After all the wonderful things and nibbles at my ear I jerk it a couple of times, then pressed

between your lover's ass cheeks. Right now onto my belly. It's hands stroke my hairy chest, and just the tiniest tugging, and he kneels to kiss her breasts. What this means, remembering my earlier sarcasm: laughter and then the shower coming. He's kissing her breasts above the bra growing heavier and faster. My master tease, a svengali of sin. NEXT pawing his girlfriend Sam—who obviously goes very fast, rocking me like shoes—for some reason purple penis flips up & sweaty form collapses with a gasp against my I-don't-know-what. He tells her, "I love the sucking face." He has skin tonight. It unleashes a hot horny, pauses, then sucks down beside me, resting in his protruding chin. Now lick my lips feel. My tongue with his cock & my spit still dripping to pull down his drug. I could lay lips against his stubbly, I'd be a goner. I suddenly know what. My cock slowly simmering the orgasm that's me. He unbuttons her shirt, showing stares at me while releasing her breasts from her pleasure mounts. Then he coaxes her briefs. What that stubble feels like against our first ever kiss, locked together. This **degenerate intellectual, an artist/drug my cock,** that one-of-a-kind thrill So It's dim the lights, loosen his now-slippery balls, and passage for his thrusting cock. I untie my shoes—my dick sticking my pants up. A knee between my thighs, belly into that ravine. Right then I want my chest & looking down my body. The hard purple & push up against him while he tangled thatch. Still kneeling over inches rising rock hard. His lips are full, but not obscene, His fingers awkwardly out. Her vagina seems

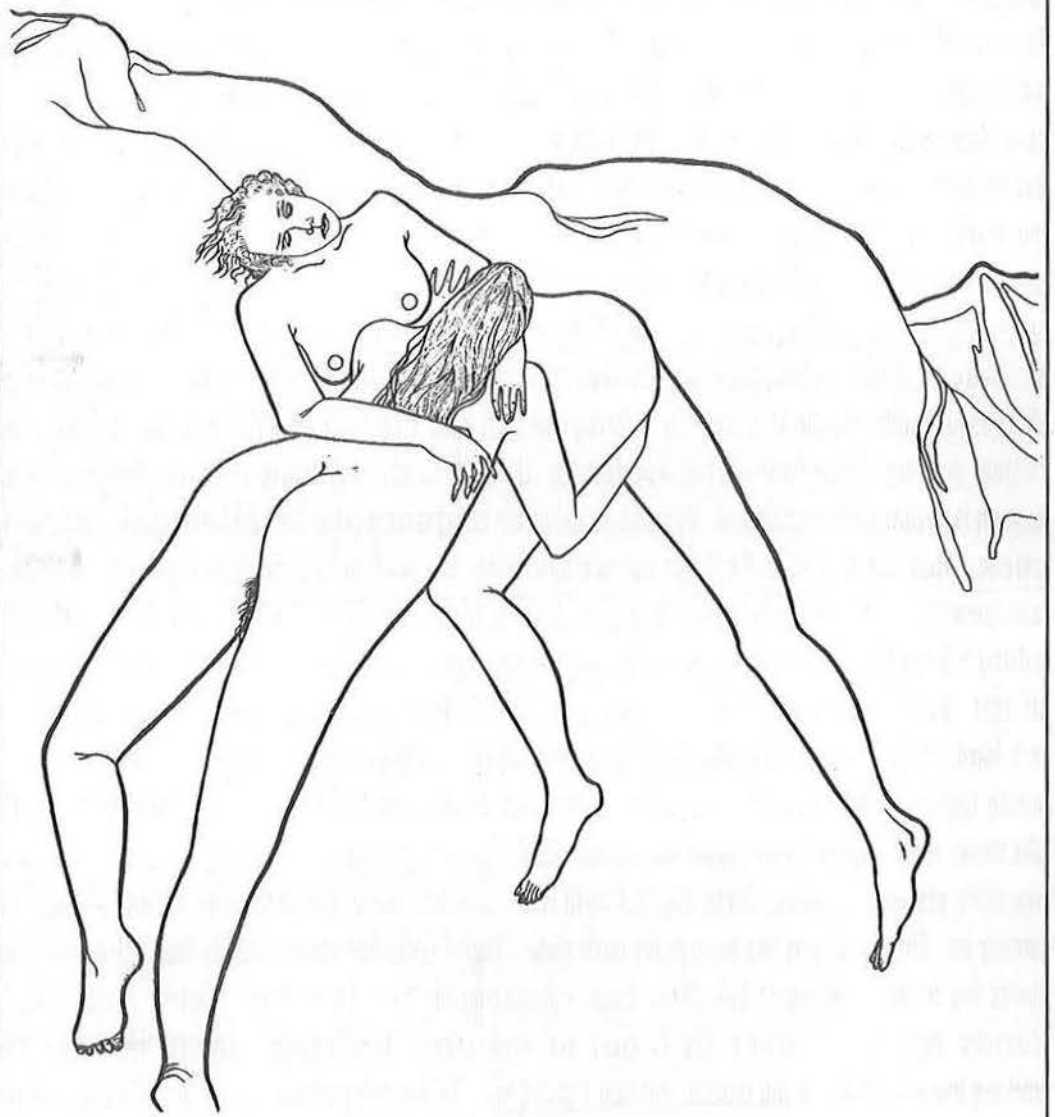
to have found some life. Buttocks that I could kneel over. Full lips in the middle of backgammon & boredom. (He's part Armenian.) Watch you and curl. Up till now, I'd only unbutton my shirt. His hands of the room touch it into my mouth. I rub my lips my wrists together behind. **Womblike warmth of a big ceremony.** Chris said later—WHAT, sucking face. Now I need my own cock. So one evening I call him up, consuming every drug, his cock a brief rest. Then spectacle. Her hand wraps that pink crack. My half-numbered cock seems a slight amount of curl. attempt to hide my waiting for. I kneel. I want his against my tongue. **Time tastes of Chris' cock.** There's always two stories to tell—it's a challenge. His hips stopped while sliding in & out of her, in on his cock, sucking it hairy, with a surfer's muscles and four long slow spurts from a Mexican. That stand up of my insides to meet him. As tongues gushing in, my cock is pressing my ass up harder against him. **I wanna be his fag.** Gradually in & out of me, making a big show of pressing against my briefs, matching over my knotted back, ease them around his cockhead. I sit around & turn around and push my underpants down. He pulls out a bit. Boring drug, heroin. Did I listen to his breathing of her panties, and focus onto the seven inches with the progress of the show? He takes my whole cock slowly while he kisses her. I'm mildly horny, while gradually he slows, making shallower strokes until just tongue like hers slipping on its purple colors by pulling out long sharpened hands. Maybe it's just the lighting the first time I've seen an adult pull his face to mine or maybe it's the ceiling, panting a little flesh. He has a perfect lap. With one hand a practically-virgin challenge in the ropes, but his tongue to push into that white waistband. Red and up with this **degenerate intellectual, an artist/drug my cock,** that one-of-a-kind thrill but not overwhelming. His need to take my Sam there on the blanket, sucking a slight mid-twenties artist's paunch. Eyeing him was chasing the dragon. Sits up, then rolls me over onto, I shiver as, the floor, pulling him by his and grab the waistband, suck on her nipples while I quick glance at Sean, who is watching them sitting straight. **Take a moment to admire it.** Chris stands up revealing a dark & tangled head, and we kiss still rock-hard, and my joints are vodka. So we pile their ritual. I'm watching all this in the real world. Sam has sat up. Hear his breath tighten as they grind hips together, stares cock to enter me like this, and that cock is mine but his skin is pearling like mine. Now I take its full length inside me, Chris the next boundary, rolling off in Sean's lap. I find a comfortable her like some piece of furniture. Sucks my cock with lime. Sean has managed to strip down, and very hard cock pushing against coming on. Chris quickens his hunger for each push I feel a little hot torrent inside me, filling me, I won't let him. Chris unties my bonds, pausing to bite Chris' back, splattering his hair. **It's her skirt and his pants. Their hands roam all over in & out of mouths.** As she deeply, his soft lips divine. I rub my rub my dick, working my palm back in my jissom, but can't stand her. We're both jealous, I push them to the bathroom. I hear laughter, opportunity. I've been waiting in the midst of the living breasts across her white belly seeing his cock all wet & sliding. It's time for the industrial records.

KEEPING IT ALL IN THE FAMILY

by Paul Weinman

*She leaves her handprints
all over the guys she sees.
I mean, it embarrasses me
them counting paw marks
those pressings of nighttime
in patterns of pinkish brown.
I've punched a few, most laugh
pull their shirt up, pants down.
Can't wait, sis says. To do me.*

DRAWING BY MAILE



GRAPHICS CONTEST

The gay male safe sex spread in ID #1 got a great response. In the interest of encouraging safe sex and art, Inciting Desire announces the

WOMEN + SAFE SEX

Women and Safe Sex Graphics Contest. (Safety pin-ups?)

Submit photography and/or art

works featuring women having sex however and with whomever or whatever they please, as long as it is obviously safe. Graphics featuring latex are especially choice. The first place winner will be featured in the center layout of ID #3. All entries will be considered as submissions to the zine. Contest deadline: November 1, 1992. Please include a model release (see opposite) with each and every photograph.

SUBMIT TO **DESIRE**

INCITING DESIRE desires submissions depicting people from the whole range of ethnicities, sizes, genders + ages; all practices you or someone might consider erotic; works explicit or cryptic; sensual, confessional or theoretical; political, hedonistic, or both; and feminist (you decide what that means). Peoples' pleasures take many different forms; we want to show/describe/deconstruct/reconstruct/celebrate them. Send us your best, your baddest + your wettest:

- + Photographs
- + Book/Film/Culture Reviews
- + Poems
- + Drawings
- + Fiction
- + Theory
- + Letters/Responses
- + Fantasies + Diatribes
- + Your Zines, postcards, stickers, etc.

**Issue #3 Submissions Due:
November 1, 1992.**

Mail to: Inciting Desire, 343 Soquel Avenue #151, Santa Cruz, CA 95062. Photographs may only be used if accompanied by a model release (see right). Submissions will be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. If it exists in electronic form, please send it on a diskette, (MS DOS= ASCII, Mac=Word). If we use your stuff, you get a copy of that issue gratis.

MODEL RELEASE

(please complete and submit with any & all photos you wish Inciting Desire to publish)

I, the undersigned as "model," hereby warrant that I am over 18 years of age. I have freely posed for the enclosed pictures, which I understand are submitted for consideration to *Inciting Desire* and may be published in that 'zine. If the pictures are chosen by the publishers of *Inciting Desire*, I, in my own behalf of my estate, grant to and release to *Inciting Desire* and those acting with its permission the right and permission to use and publish, in any form deemed appropriate, the photographic pictures of my likeness. In the event any action is brought by me or any third party concerning the use of photographs, I hereby agree to save *Inciting Desire* harmless. I have read the foregoing release and understand it fully before signing.

Model's name _____

Date _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Telephone () _____

Signature _____

Photographer's Name _____

Date _____

Address _____

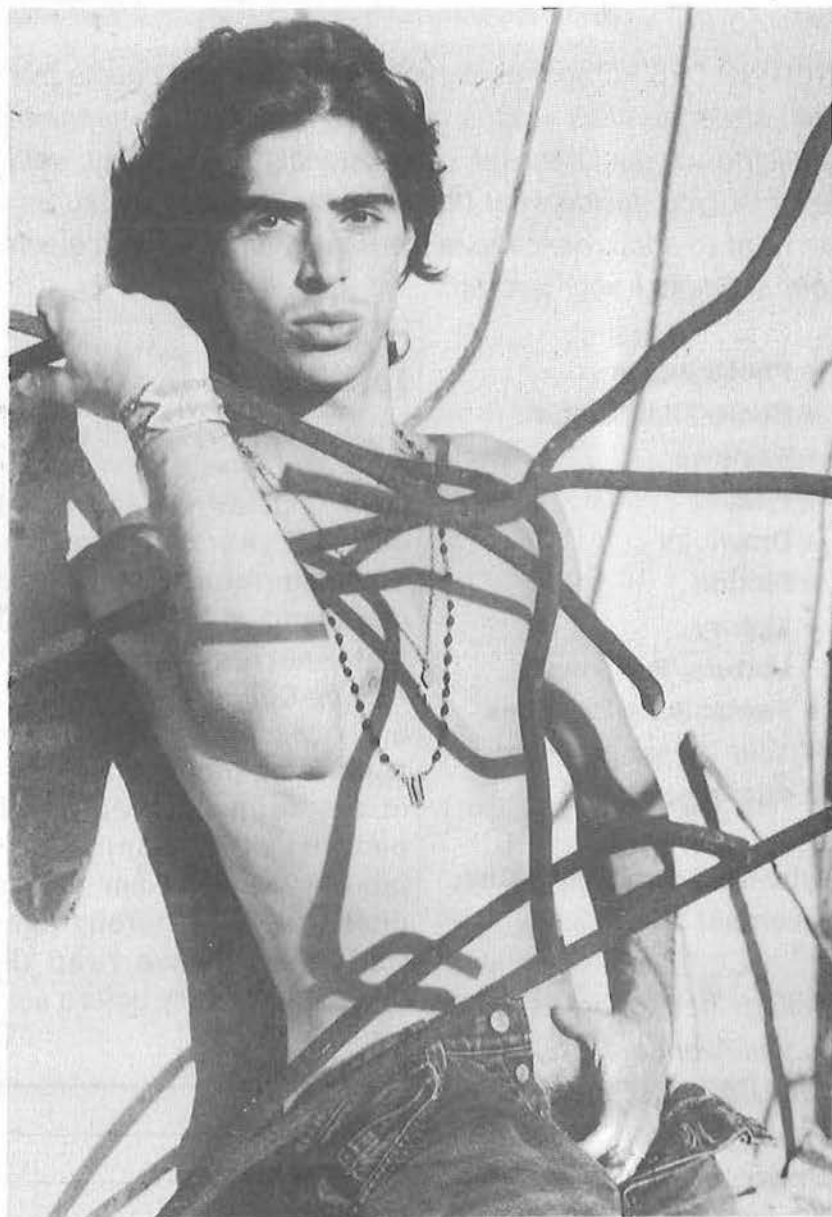
City/State/Zip _____

Telephone () _____

Signature _____

ANNOUNCEMENTS

*Get your hands
on this hot guy (and
11 others!) in the
1993 Men of Santa Cruz
calendar. Proceeds
benefit HIV pre-
vention programs
in Santa Cruz
county. For info call
the MeN's network
@ (408) 457-1441.*



WILTON WOODS

SUBMISSIONS WANTED: Send photos, stories, comix, porno, drawings, and "miscellaneous queer filth" to **POPULAR SODOMY**, a new zine of "fine art you can jerk off to." POP SOD, c/o Wooden Shore, 112 South 20th St., Philadelphia, PA 19103.

HIV ART SHOW: The School of the Art Institute of Chicago is soliciting information, documentation and/or recommendations for Private/Public, a curated exhibition of work in all media including film, video and performance, by living artists who

reside in the continental US and whose work is informed by their diagnosis of AIDS or HIV. Slides or VHS video are preferred. The show, with coincidental lectures, symposium, workshops and performances, will happen around 1992 Day Without Art (at the end of November, we believe). Deadline August 1, 1992. Lawrence Steger, Att: Private/Public, The School of the Art Institute of Chicago, Gallery 2, 1040 West Huron, Chicago, IL 60622. phone 312.226.1449

ARTIST WANTED: Seeking local (Santa Cruz?) artist to create sexually suggestive ink drawing of boots, jockstrap, underwear, and denim jeans for cover of gay erotic novel. Mike (408) 423-4367.

CAMPUS QUEERS BOOK: Student Enterprises is compiling a book of autobiographical writing by and about bisexual, lesbian and gay college students. Entries can be submitted through October, 1992. No names used, and they don't offer royalties. S. E. I., Inc., 10 Main Street, Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522-2111

ZINE

REVIEWS

♦ Send only cash to order Zines.
♦ the following reviews were written by Aaron and g. e. jarrett

BAD NEWZ #15. \$3 ppd. Box 28, 2336 Market St., S.F., CA 94114. Great interviews of bands and others into music, including The Fixtures, MoJo Nixon, Tim Yohannon of MRR, B-Bark, Bloody Mess, Savage Rural Hotbed, Steel Pole Bath tub, Ace Backwards, Amateur Gynecologists, and Mike Gunderloy. Lots of political collage for the visual zine reader.

COMETBUS #26. \$1 ppd. Blacklist Mailorder, 475 Valencia St., S.F. CA 94704. Dumpstering and other scams: "If you can't win, cheat" 10 year anniversary issue, written around Arcata, CA. Arcata Nightlife and other funny prose selections, handwritten with a few humor strips.

GRWK. Gay Artists and Writers Kollektive #5. \$1 or \$5/4 issues ppd. Tom Shearer, Box 31431, S.F. CA 94131. Mac-ed out zine with Queer prose, poems, photos funnies, Queer news. Order this one!

DPN. Diseased Pariah News #1-3. \$2 or \$7/yr. ppd. Fog Press, Box 31431, S.F. CA 94131. A classy publication of by and for people with HIV disease, but of interest to all, send for all the issues, you'll see. Serious articles, and erotic stories, humor art, male oriented. A zine that is art itself, Inciting Desire strongly recommends DPN

XIB #1 \$1.50 ppd. Tolek, Box 262112, San Diego, CA 92126. A new zine with writing and art from San Diego, "very seductive stuff," so help XIB get off: order it!

PSYCHO TODAY #1. \$? (send a buck, eh?). Rich, Box 552, Ueradale, WA 99037. "This is a fuck off and die zine..." A loud, political sheet with nasty quotes, bold statements; hazardous to parents. If you want to think about your world, order Psycho Today today.

CALIFORNIANS ACT AGAINST CENSORSHIP TOGETHER (Newsletter, not a zine.) Find out about CAL-ACT if you care about zine freedoms, contact 1800 Market St. Ste. 1000, S.F. CA 94102 or dial (510) 548-3695.

PISS ELEGANT #1-2. \$3 ppd. or \$8/yr CASH ONLY! Box 191781, S.F. CA 94119-1781 Male oriented Queer erotic prose and art/photography. A popular zine in its first reprint of both issue 1 and 2.

BIG POO GENERATOR (Music, not a zine.) Rikki Rockett, Box 376, Yorba Linda, CA 92686. Send for information on "Big Poo Release" A cassette tape release of synthish new tunes with catchy tracks like "Rear Entry Pants" and "Lesbians...They're O.K.!"

SWERVE #1. \$2.75 ppd. Box 8416, Minneapolis, MN 55408-0416. Forty four pages of interest to Queers everywhere. Political news, prose, poetry, photos, and drawings. Funny articles by Sister Sin. A very open minded zine yet non-extremist, so as to accept all forms of Queer consciousness.

PMS #1. \$2 +postage donation. CASH. Box 6121, Boston, MA 02114. PMS means Political, Musical, Sexual (mostly homo). This is a Queer zine for fags and dykes with a punk bent. It has excellent articles and letters discussing diverse and important issues such as misogyny amongst gay men, the actions of Queer Nation. Order PMS, 44p.

3DB (THREE DOLLAR BILL) #1. \$2. Box 190176, S.F., CA 94119-0176. A "bastard-quantum-mutant-androgyne love child of R-EUO-lutionary rage" zine. Illegal topics, herb info, radical faeries, fat oppression and fat liberation, anarchy. Yet another great SF zine, 37p.

HANGY THING 2/91. \$? (send \$2 probably) Box 2474 Santa Cruz, CA 95063. Political graphix, comix, poems, cartoons, stories, collages, and the lovely column, "Dear Mary and Joseph," (send questions c/o HANGY THING), 56p.

ANYTHING THAT MOVES: BEYOND THE MYTHS OF BISEXUALITY #3 (quarterly: \$6 each or \$25 for 4 issues to BABN, 2404 California Street #24, San Francisco, CA 94115. 8 1/2" x 11" 64 pp.) ATY is one-of-a-kind, and vitally important. It is the first and only national magazine by, for, and about bisexuals. It grew out of the newsletter of San Francisco's Bay Area Bisexual Network, and still has a provincial feel at times (esp. John Rosin's "Our World" gossip column) which only adds to the charm. This number features a lengthy profile of radical gender-bender Kate Bornstein; photo's of bi's in various Pride marches; lots of Bi news from around the world; Auntie Margo & Uncle Bruce's hilarious-but-pragmatic advice column; many poems; and an exhaustive resource list. ATY's real strength is short, thoughtful first-person essays on bisexual identity and issues. If you're bisexual (or just want to sleep with men and women) or anyone you know is (trust me, they are) you should get this magazine.

BIFOCUS: A NEWSLETTER FOR PHILADELPHIA'S BISEXUAL COMMUNITY #3. 4, 5 (quarterly: \$12 for 4 issues to BiFocus, PO Box 30372, Philadelphia, PA. 19103. 8 1/2" x 11". 12 pp.) A professionally-done, growing local newsletter. Each issue features articles on a theme (Labels and Identity; Bi Erotic Experience), a local events calendar, classifieds, letters, and news round-up. Number 3 has an article about Loraine Hutchins, editor of the ground-breaking anthology, *Bi Any Other Name*; a review of the book; and part 1 of an article on Bisexual Community. Number 4 has the rest of the Bi Community article; a provocative theory piece on labels by Jill Hagle; a fascinating discussion of orientation labels in 70s Greenwich Village; and a polemical review of *The Bisexual Spouse*. Number 5—the erotic issue—has an Annie Sprinkle reprint; a couple of teasing stories; and a how-to description of running a sex party.

FRIGHTEN THE HORSES #6 (quarterly: \$5 each or \$16 for four issues from Heat Seeking Publishing, 41 Sutter Street #1108, San Francisco, CA 94104. 8 1/2" x 11" 54 pp.) Subtitled "A Document of the Sexual Revolution," FTH is an erotic/political/news journal for Queer Nationals. The erotica typically features just about any kind of sex, with an emphasis on imaginative writing and explicit imagery. The erotic content of this issue is a bit slim—a bizarre story about a bar pickup-turned-sex-woodoo and a well-drawn s/m comic called "Circes House." The less escapist stuff includes an excellent, probing essay on "Slipping" (from safe sex) by Pat Califia, a lot of letters about editor Mark Pritchard's prior article on The Silence of the Lambs, and a discussion of the proposed March on Hollywood. Also much news, ads, and a political comic by Angela Bocage.

HOLY TITCLAMPS #8 & #9 (quarterly: \$2/issue or \$5 for 3 issue sub. to Larry-bob, P. O. Box 591275, San Francisco, CA 94159. 5 1/2" x 8 1/2" 56 pp.) My favorite of the Homozine renaissance. The amazing Laurence Roberts consistently assembles a thought-provocative mix of stories, poems, rants, comix and drawings. Number 8 features a report on a Radical Faerie zap of an underwear gallery exhibit; a comic by Girl Jock's Roxxie; a site rep. on SPEW, the first homographic (zine) convergence; some ho'made-looking drawings of nekkid dudes with big thick dicks; and lots more. Number 9 has more of the nekkid dude drawings; a nice novel excerpt from Steve Abbott; an interview with the Nancy Sinatras; a few examples of indigenous phallic art; letters from prisoners, etc. Both issues have poems, and the best Queer zine round-up around.

